

“Milky Way Mistletoe”

© 2021 by Kyle Lemmon

Opening Narration

A seasonal tale submitted for your appraisal under the mistletoe. The skies over the Southwest twinkled like a strand of Christmas lights well into January. The Zonamas did not bring mankind typical presents in their burnished metal sleighs. No curatives or assurances of famine, feast, or fallout were placed under the tree. We will soon unwrap a more balanced galactic gift hovering over Earth’s chimney. This is The Twilight Zone.

Closing Narration

The little green men were women—a twinkling remembrance of the last wise men on Earth, whose stockings are now filled with surprises every year. The first gift of balance? Mandated male contraception tied in a bow. The next present to unwrap? Female seats of government wreathing the globe. The dutiful elves of Zonama will find themselves green with envy, forever tied under the mistletoe from beyond the Milky Way. It’s Christmas time again in The Twilight Zone.